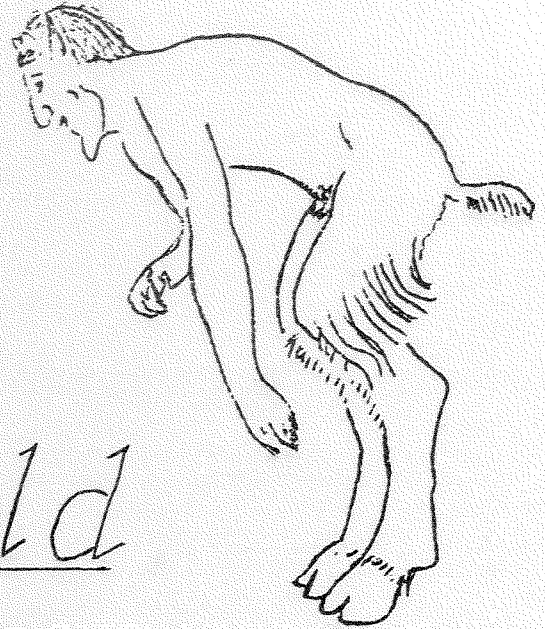


The Reality of the Cavern World



An Illustrated Talk About The Interior Of
The Earth and Those Who Live In It.

INCLUDING:

The Origin of the Serpent Race

A Magical Ceremony in the Alps

An Analysis of the Shaver Mystery

The Catacomb of Hal Saflini on Malta

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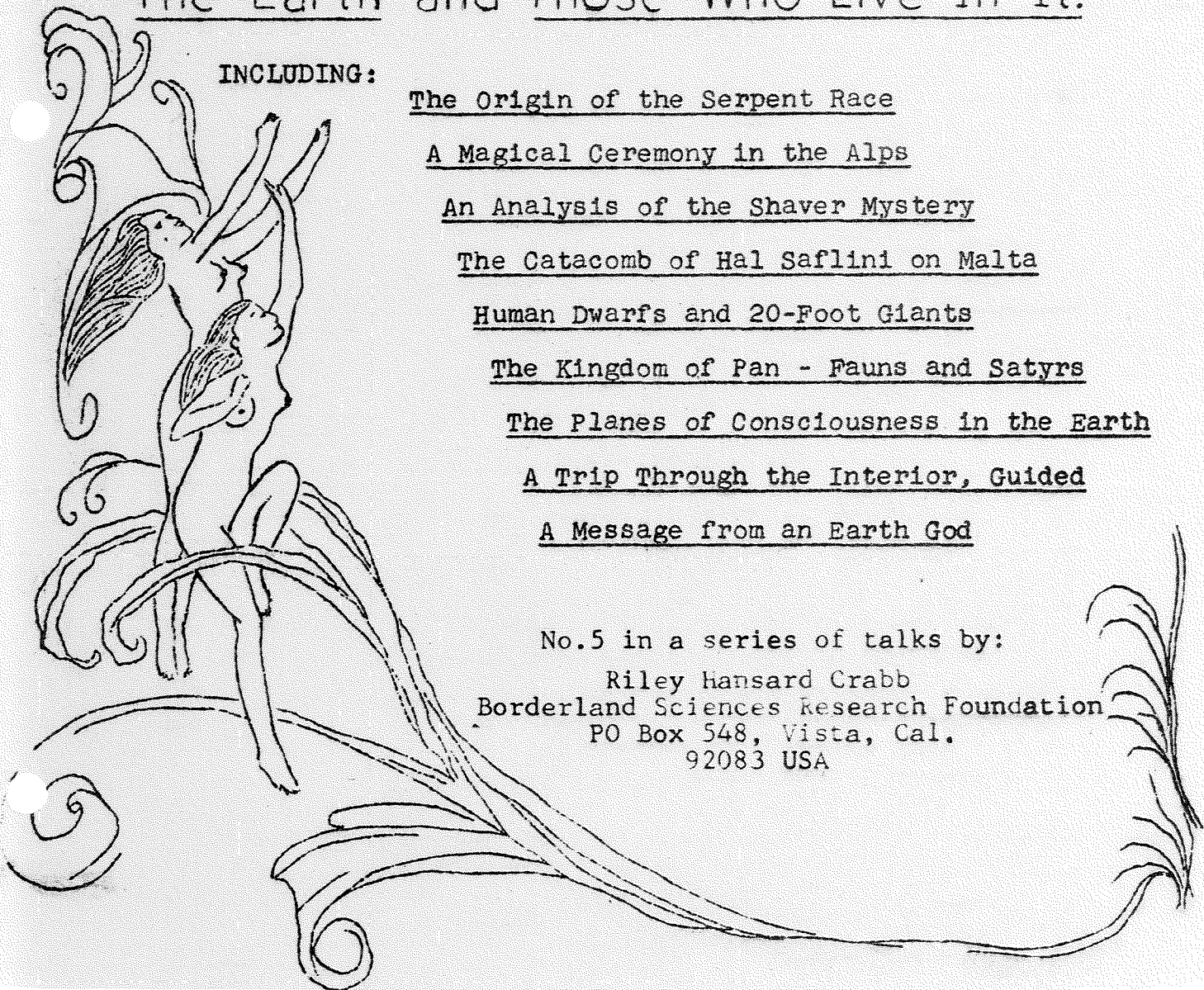
The Planes of Consciousness in the Earth

A Trip Through the Interior, Guided

A Message from an Earth God

No.5 in a series of talks by:

Riley Hansard Crabb
Borderland Sciences Research Foundation
PO Box 548, Vista, Cal.
92083 USA



THE REALITY OF THE UNDERGROUND CAVERN WORLD

The fifth lecture in a series by Riley Crabb, Director of BSRA, on various aspects of the Flying Saucer phenomenon. This one is transcribed from a tape recording of the talk given before Understanding Unit #4, Vista, California on December 10, 1960.

The Reality of the Underground, about which very few people seem to know much of anything. Listen to this cryptic reference to the Cavern World by H.P. Blavatsky, in her book "Isis Unveiled", written back in the 1880s.

"Spheres unknown below our feet; spheres still more unknown and unexplored above us, between the two a handful of moles, blind to God's great Light, and deaf to the whispers of the invisible world. . . "

While we are quoting authorities in metaphysics we might turn to Max Heindel, whose Rosicrucian Fellowship is over here at Oceanside, California. This from his book "Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception" in Chapter 18 on "The Constitution of the Earth".

"Even among occult scientists it is counted among the most difficult problems to investigate the mysterious construction of the earth. To do that fully one must have passed through the Nine Lesser Mysteries and the first of the Great Initiations."

There you have one answer to the reason there is so little known about the interior of the earth among us surface dwellers. Those who do know for sure, by direct experience, have been sworn to secrecy. On the other hand, those who have discovered the Caverns by accident, or by design, and have gone on into them, have never come back! So, there are two good reasons why we know so little of the interior of the earth and of the beings who live there.

It's strange but true that when you study Flying Saucers and the possibility of Visitors coming here from outer space, the study leads you into the interior of the planets, not only this one but others. First of all, of course, the advent of the Flying Saucers has forced on our attention the probability that there are intelligent beings on other planets in the solar system, as well as in the universe, and that some of them may be coming here and looking us over.

Ordinarily we would assume that these Visitors are human beings, or at least that they are very much like us, superior or otherwise; but I have found in my own researches into this problem that we have to accept the possibility that some of these Visitors are non-human. We must realize that there are other streams of evolution in the solar

system, evolving side by side with us but by and large unknown to us and invisible to us. This makes the Flying Saucer phenomenon even more complicated, and this is where we leave the material minded behind us entirely.

INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION

I can say without any hesitation or reservation that to leave the surface of this planet, either to go down into the depths of the earth, or to go up into the depths of space, is to undergo a change of consciousness. Either way a person enters new pressures, new dimensions for which the physical body is unsuited.

This change of consciousness is what the space scientists are up against right now. Aside from the fact that the cosmic rays in outer space destroy the body with their pressures, the mind itself undergoes changes which the scientists have hitherto called hallucinations. Now they'll have to dream up a new terminology for the visions which occur invariably with a certain pressure-change of the sensory environment.

Back in July, 1952 George Hunt Williamson made his first space contacts via a ouiji board in Prescott, Arizona. He was fortunate enough to have his contact verified through ham radio. Among the many messages he and his group received was one to the effect that a long time ago one of the planets of the solar system had blown up. The implication was that the planetary holocaust was deliberate on the part of certain beings who occupied it. Two great races on the planet Lucifer got into an all-out atomic war and destroyed their school room.

"We knew what they were doing," this contact told Williamson, "but we didn't interfere." But as a result of that blow-up Mars was almost thrown out of the solar system, or would have been if technicians on the Red Planet hadn't constructed two artificial satellites and set them rotating in opposite directions. We know those satellites now as Phobos and Deimos. These stabilized Mars in orbit, according to the contact, and saved the people on it.

What the space contact didn't say in his messages was that some of the beings who participated in the blow-up of Lucifer, from between Mars and Jupiter, are now here on this planet, Earth. They failed that planetary Judgement Day and are taking that grade over again, both the human beings and the non-human beings; and the same old conflict is still going on. That's one of the conclusions I've come to out of this Cavern study.

One little book which touches on this is Robert Ernest Dickhoff's "Agharta". I touched on it briefly in lecture number three, "Flying Saucers and America's Destiny". Dickhoff is a sometime Buddhist priest who lives in New York City. Dickhoff claims there is a great system of tunnels under the continents and seas and that these tunnels were once used by a race of Serpents who walk on two feet, as we do. He claimed that this Serpent race is not native to the earth but originated on Venus. Fortunately for us they've all gone back there; at least I hope they have.

Dickhoff apparently got some of his information from the Hefferlin Manuscripts. The Hefferlin material was being circulated around the country in the late 1940s at the same time the Shaver Mystery was being publicized in Amazing Stories Magazine by Ray Palmer. The Hefferlins claimed to have information on the existence of a great, prehistoric city there in the Antarctic. They called it Rainbow City, and said that it was the terminal for a great system of tunnels connecting all the land areas of the earth. The Hefferlins claim that specimens of the Venusian Serpent race are encased in blocks of clear plastic there in the museum in Rainbow City and can still be seen today.

SERPENTS OVERRAN THE EARTH

As I told you in my third lecture, the former director of BSRA, Meade Layne, read this book "Agharta" early in 1953 and took it to one of the Mark Probert seances in San Diego. Meade wanted an opinion from one of the members of the Inner Circle who manifest through Mark. They have been so patient in answering our many questions about life and its problems.

To Meade's surprise the leader of the Inner Circle, the Yada di Shi-ite, confirmed the existence of the tunnel system and also the reality of the Serpent race!

"It is true that the Serpent People once overran this planet, and that they came from Venus," said the Yada on March 10, 1953. "They abandoned it because conditions here were not favorable to them. They were of great size and had scaly bodies and large frog eyes, and were very advanced mentally. Morally they were not evolved, but were extremely cruel and vicious. They are still to be found in the interior of Venus. The Venusians of the present day, however, are not descendants of this early type. The Venusians who are visiting your earth at present want to bring peace. They have no desire to occupy the earth. There is no present warfare between them and the Martians. . .

"Most of what Dr. Dickhoff says about the tunnel system is correct. These were constructed by Atlanteans, partly for communication, sometimes in connection with the search for metals or ores -- but chiefly to escape extreme solar radiation and various bacteria from the surface of the globe. The great plague that visited England (1666?), while partly due to unclean living was mostly caused by these same bacteria.

"The tunnels themselves were not primarily designed for underground living, but in many cases they lead into vast caverns, natural or artificially hollowed out, where a great number of persons spent all their lives. It is true that a tunnel under the pyramid of Gizeh leads into caverns under Tibet. As to size, a common diameter of these tunnels was about 150 feet." (Round Robin, March-April, 1953)

Aside from this confirmation of the existence of the Caverns, and of the reality of the Serpent race, the point I wanted to bring out here was that these scaly creatures come from the interior of Venus. Later on in the talk we'll describe and talk about the creatures who inhabit the interior of our own planet, Earth. They are not of the

human race. We call them members of the Kingdom of Pan. These are the fauns and satyrs of Greek mythology. These creatures of the earth are created by the Earth Spirit, the great Planetary Being whose body is the earth.

So another point I want to get across in this talk is that all the planets of the solar system are indulging in creations of this type. These planetary creatures are quite unlike us, the surface dwellers, the humans who are children of the Sun. Just as we look to the sun for light and life, the creatures of the Planetary Spirits look to the heart of their home planet for life. And wherever our paths cross in the stream of solar evolution there is trouble. The planetary creatures are on the downward, involutionary arc; and we are on the upward, evolutionary arc; so we are headed in opposite directions.

The Hefferlins claim that our conflict with the Serpent race has carried on from planet to planet as the life wave moves from globe to globe in the solar system. This conflict between good and evil has been going on for millions of years. Where our paths crossed on the planet Lucifer, ultimate evil was reached by both sides in the actual shattering of that globe, quite a triumph for Lucifer and his followers. As I hinted in my third lecture, I believe millions of the souls who failed at that Judgement Day are here on the earth taking the grade over again. In 1952 and 1953 we faced the threat of an all-out atomic war which well might have resulted in the blow-up of the earth. The fact that it has been averted for the time being seems to indicate that we've learned our lesson. At least enough of us have to swing the tide away from a show-down conflict of that type.

THE DESTRUCTION OF LUCIFER

If the destruction of the planet which once occupied the orbit between Mars and Jupiter is a fact, we should find some references to it in the written history of the race; and we do. Williamson dwells on it at length in his book "Other Tongues, Other Flesh", pointing out Bible references which support the idea. There is that famous passage about Lucifer in Isaiah 14:12 "How art thou fallen from heaven, O day-star, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, that thou didst lay low the nations. . . "

But there are other, clearer explanations of this fall of a mighty being, and the souls of humans, from that cursed planet. The one I want to refer to now is a dramatic story by the great British poet, Lord Byron. The one I refer to is Byron's dramatic poem "Manfred". This precedes the modern, Flying Saucer era by quite a few years. "Manfred" was published in 1817!

Manfred was a magician, a sorcerer, trying to find the secrets of life. His search was selfish and could lead only to sorrow. In fact his depression was so great that he wanted nothing but oblivion. He wasn't interested in suicide; so he set up a magical ceremony in his chalet or castle there in the Alps; he proposed to evoke the elemental forces of Nature, and ask them to help him find oblivion. In repeating Manfred's powerful conjurations I'm not going to use candles and in-

cense and the other abracadabra of sorcery. If it really worked and old Lucifer appeared here, I'd be the first one out of the hall! But we will use background music appropriate to Byron's magnificent poetry, the sombre and compelling music of the north, Sibelius' "Swan of Tuonela".

THE MAGICAL INVOCATIONS OF MANFRED

"Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe,
Whom I have sought in darkness and in light.
Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
In subtler essence -- ye, to whom the tops
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
And Earth's and Ocean's caves familiar things --
I call upon ye by the written charm
Which gives me power over you -- Rise! Appear!

(There is no response to Manfred's first invocation so he tries again:)

"They come not yet. -- Now by the voice of him
Who is the first among you -- by this sign,
Which makes you tremble -- by the claims of him
Who is undying, -- Rise! Appear! -- Appear!

(Manfred waits, but again no response.)

"If it be so. -- Spirits of Earth and Air,
Ye shall not so elude me! By a power
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant spell,
Which had its birthplace in a star condemned,
The burning wreck of a demolished world,
A wandering hell in the eternal Space;
By the strong curse which is upon my Soul,
The thought which is within me and around me,
I do compel ye to my will. -- Appear!"

And finally, Manfred the Sorcerer, sees a star of light there high in the gallery above the room where he works his magic. One by one, then, the elements of Nature, the forces of earth and sky acknowledge his summons, six of them. First, a Sylph of the Air.

"To thy bidding bowed, from my mansion in the cloud."

Second came the Spirit of the Mountain, the God of Mont Blanc.

"I am the Spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow
And quiver to his caverned base --
And what with me would'st Thou?"

This is an Undine, or water Spirit from the Sea.

"Where the Mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells
Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells."

Fourth to appear is one of the Gods of the Earth.

"Where the slumbering Earthquake
Lies pillowed on fire. . . "

And then one of the fierce storm Sylphs of the Air.

"I am the rider of the wind,
The stirrer of the storm;
The hurricane I left behind
Is yet with lightning warm;"

The sixth spirit comes from some unplumbed deep --

"My dwelling is the shadow of the Night,
Why doth thy magic torture me with light?"

And last of all the seventh, the one among them who makes the spirits tremble. Who was this, the Witch of the Alps, old Lucifer himself? Manfred, or Byron, does not say:

"The Star which rules thy destiny
Was ruled ere earth began, by me;
It was a World as fresh and fair
As e'er revolved round Sun in air;
Its course was free and regular,
Space bosomed not a lovelier star.
The Hour arrived -- and it became
A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
A pathless Comet, and a curse,
The menace of the Universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a course,
A bright deformity on high,
The monster of the upper sky!
And Thou! beneath its influence born --
Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn --
Forced by a Power (which is not thine
And lent thee but to make thee mine)
For this brief moment to descend,
Where these weak Spirits round thee bend
And parley with a thing like thee --
What would'st thou, Child of Clay! with me?"

As we said before, all Manfred wanted was forgetfulness. But this the spirits of the unseen world could not give him. They offered him power over the kingdom of the flesh. Manfred had already learned that that kind of power was dust and ashes in his mouth. Forgetfulness they could not give him; for was he not a God, even as they? And how can a God destroy himself? He cannot; he can only change his form! After some fruitless palaver with the Spirits Manfred asks the leader to reveal himself. It does, as a beautiful woman! Manfred tries to clasp "her" to him and falls senseless to the floor.

It is not my intention here to review "Manfred". If you are interested in this unusual dramatic poem I recommend that you get a copy and read it yourself. Lord Byron poses some complex philosophical problems in it; they are well worth your study.

ASHUR, CHIEF OF THE BABYLONIAN GODS

If the Serpent Race from the interior of Venus did indeed overrun our planet thousands of years ago, as stated by the Yada di Shi-ite, they would have left some record of their presence. This we find in the Serpent legends and myths of every race. But the Serpent who walks like a man seems to have left his portrait also, in stone, here and there on the planet. Dickhoff gives a good example of this in a photo of the stone carving of the Babylonian God, Ashur, opposite page 19 in his book "Agharta". Below is a line drawing made from the photo. As he says, "a humanoid deity, eagle-headed, winged, but otherwise like humans."



ASHUR

In his book "The Road in the Sky" Ric Williamson compares a photo of one of the huge stone statues he found on the Marcahuasi plateau in Peru, with a photo of the Egyptian god, Thoueris, in the Cairo Museum. The similarity is remarkable. The head of Thoueris has the same general shape as that of Ashur on this page, though perhaps closer to a hippopotamus in appearance. Also, Thoueris is pot-bellied and unclothed, and without wings or scales.

RICHARD SHAVER'S AWAKENING

With the opening scenes of Byron's "Manfred" clearly in mind, and the date of its publication, 1817, let us come down to modern times to 1930. Let us focus our imaginations in the living room of an American home in Pennsylvania. There a young arc-welder named Richard Shaver is sitting alone, reading a book. It is late in the evening; everyone has gone to bed but him. The book Shaver is reading is Byron's poem, "Manfred". And as he reads he realizes that it isn't fiction at all! Shaver knew

in his heart that this was auto-biography. In "Manfred" Byron was describing a personal experience!

THOU CAN'ST NEVER BE ALONE

The Witch of the Alps told Manfred, "Thou can'st never be alone." Somehow that struck Shaver very forcibly.

He thought, "If Byron could evoke these spirits perhaps I can, too. Why not try it?"

And he did. I don't know what Shaver visualized or said; but to have gotten the results he did he must have had some subconscious memory of the correct picture, the correct invocation; for he got results! For there in the deep shadows of the ceiling of his living room he also saw a spot of light. Before his fascinated gaze this star widened out into a vision of space, so wide, so full of grandeur that it left him awe-struck. In that light he saw an image of a beautiful woman.

He saw that woman just as she wanted him to see her. She impressed Richard Shaver as being all that is desirable in woman, the very essence of femininity. And, this creature seemed humorously observant of Shaver. Shaver the atheist, who didn't believe in spirits, in anything or anyone non-material, and still doesn't!

You can imagine how shocked he was, this material-minded young man of modern, Twentieth Century America. He realized how scornful this beautiful creature was of the fear that came and went through him "like wind through a swinging door." The thing that stabilized him was her own calm, self-assurance.

Another thing he realized was that his thoughts and emotions were easily visible to her, even as hers were to him. He admired that complete self-possession which she had. And then there swept through him the sudden realization that he had succeeded! He had gotten results with his invocation! That was his second mistake. It caused a flash of misgiving to go through her mind.

His guest suddenly knew that she had made a mistake in answering to his call. She had expected to come to some one "in the know", some one of the very few here on the surface who know of the Cavern world and its inhabitants. With that she shut everything off and disappeared, but not before peering into his thoughts for a long moment to make sure she could identify him at some future time. The light went out.

As for poor Richard, he would never be the same again. All of his preconceived ideas about life and his place in it were gone. After that one experience Richard Shaver knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that the myths, the fables, the fairy stories of his childhood were the truest record of the early history of the planet which has been written.

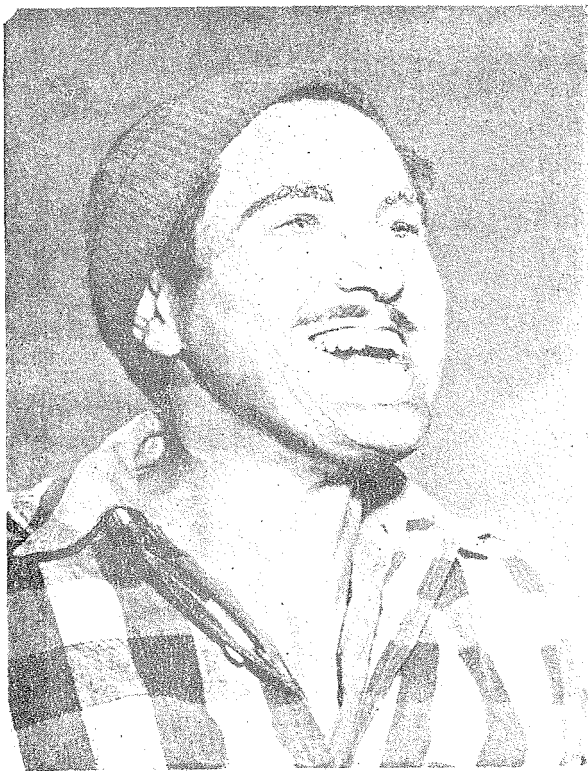
He recognized that apparition which appeared in his living room there in Pennsylvania. He had seen her likeness reproduced many times in the fairy stories of his childhood.



THE WITCH OF THE ALPS



Shaver wrote that the Cavern world witch who awakened him to that other Reality forced him to see her as she wanted to be seen by this dweller on the surface. Was she really so beautiful? Or as her natural Cavern-world self was she more like the witch pictured above left?



RICHARD SHAVER, as pictured in the Palmer publications of the 1950s.

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RICHARD S. SHAVER today (1973) in his Rock House Studio, Summit, Arkansas 72677. He sees an indelible record of the planet's past in the stones of the earth. Pre-Deluge Picture Stones he calls them, and makes them available to the public as instructive and beautiful art objects for home decoration. Write to the above address for details.

THE SECRET SYMBOL

Shaver learned something else from his visitor before she departed so hastily. Had his call been in words only, she wouldn't have responded; but Shaver mentally created some secret symbol which rang her psychic telephone; and she answered.

In the material from which I have drawn these notes, Mystic Magazines for August 1954 and October 1955, Shaver doesn't say what that symbol was. My hunch is that he learned that symbol in another life, perhaps on another planet, and that it came up out of his subconscious at the time he needed it. If other reckless experimenters were given this glyph or symbol, their lives would become as haunted as Shaver's.

Now, after this one experience, Shaver knew that there was an important part of his life that might even rule him. That some secret source could and would project ideas into his brain without his being aware of it, this he now realized with terrifying certainty.

Along with that new concept, other things changed for him. He became aware that he was under observation. All of his inmost, secret dreams and aspirations, all of his precious childhood memories, were picked out of his brain and ruthlessly pawed over, in a singularly revolting way. He suspected that this was being done because his "watchers" had to justify their existence to their superiors.

You see, suddenly, from an ignorant nobody like the rest of us surface dwellers, Shaver had become a somebody. This young arc welder from Pennsylvania had cracked one of the best kept secrets on the planet. Now he was important to a segment of life in this planet about which you and I know nothing. Richard Shaver was "in the know" about the Cavern world.

Then began for him the long, never-ending period of haunting. He wondered if this had happened to other surface dwellers. Sure enough, after digging around in Western world literature, Greek and Egyptian, he did find others had been haunted from below, even as he; and they had written about it. But it wasn't until Richard Shaver's experiences and observations were published in Amazing Stories magazines in the 19-40s that he and Ray Palmer discovered how extensive these hauntings are.

Ray Palmer claims the offices of Amazing Stories were piled waist high with the mail that poured in after the first stories of the Shaver Mystery were published. Palmer says also that circulation shot up 50,000 copies per issue, and remained on that high plateau as long as the Shaver material was included in Amazing Stories. Then when Ziff-Davis, the publishers, decided for reasons of their own to drop the Shaver material, the circulation dropped down to its old figure. This in itself is probably the best single piece of evidence there is to prove that Shaver's experiences are genuine and not science-fiction. He struck a note that aroused a responsive chord in the hearts and minds of thousands of people here in the United States. The Shaver Mystery will not die. I'm not prepared to say that I believe it, not the way he wrote it; but I have found enough evidence to make it worth-

while putting together a lecture on it.

THE GIANT ELDER RACE, THE ELDER GODS OF THE PAST

One of Richard Shaver's discoveries was the existence of a great race of beings who occupied this planet thousands upon thousands of years ago. Our planet, Earth, was in its Golden Age then. These super men were great scientists who built the tunnel system in the earth, and filled it with the great mechanical and electrical equipment they had developed and perfected.

Why do we have no record of this great race, nor of their achievements here on the surface of the planet? The surface was swept clean by the Great Deluge. The flood left no record, except in the caves. Also, this great race had millions of slaves, early Atlanteans perhaps. An all-out atomic war preceded the natural catastrophe. Millions of the slaves went into the Caverns for self-preservation while their masters got away in their space ships. With the surface too radio-active for life the slaves had to learn to live in the caves and like it.

The degenerate descendants of these Atlanteans are still there in the Caverns, according to Shaver, about fifty billion of them. That is an unbelievably fantastic figure, also his claim that there is more living area in the Caverns than there is here on the surface. I can't believe that; yet without direct observation I cannot deny the possibility. Shaver claims that much of this Cavern equipment is still in good operating condition. How this can be after thousands of years of neglect I don't know. Degenerate human beings don't make good mechanics; nevertheless, Shaver claims that much of our trouble here on the surface of the earth is caused by the abandoned electronic equipment of the Elder Gods. Among other things they left thought-projection machines, still usable, and still used by the abandoned ones to project mischievous, trouble-making thoughts into the minds of unsuspecting surface dwellers.

THE DEROS

They have good guys and bad guys in the Caverns, just as we have here on the surface. The bad ones are called Deros, shortened from the word abandondero. Evil seems to continually triumph over good in the Cavern world. That isn't so different from the surface is it. As long as this is true not one secret or piece of equipment left by the Elders will ever get to the surface and be of any benefit to us.

What do these degenerate human beings look like? Shaver says they look like the trolls described in Peer Gynt, and in Sigrid Undset's novel, "Kristin Lavransdatter". To these we might add the Nibelungs made famous in Wagnerian operas, and the Menehunes of Hawaiian mythology. Legends of misshapen "little people" are to be found all over the earth.

Shaver claims these Deros are the spirits behind the oracles in the temples. They also are the receivers and devourers of the sacrifices left on temple altars. They are the horders of wealth and the gifts to the Gods in the Caverns. To prove any of this, or all of it, is well nigh impossible.

SHAVER ON FLYING SAUCERS

He claims that there are three kinds of Flying Saucers: those that come from outer space, those that come from the interior of the earth at the cavern entrances, and those that are illusionary projections. This third type, Shaver claims, are merely diversionary images created in the sky by Ray machines in the Caverns. These cause us to look in one direction while something else is going on in the heavens which they don't want us to see.

The degenerates who inhabit the Caverns are not building Saucers. They are just operating ancient flyers originally built and left there by the Elder race, and still in good flying condition. These self-appointed guardians of the treasures in the Caverns lie in wait for the space pirates, or the Visitors, and come flashing out in hot pursuit, thus causing aerial battles sometimes witnessed in uncomprehending awe by ordinary mortals crawling around on the surface below. Once in a while some of us get killed.

Back in the 19th Century one of these aerial battles took place over Sawmill Run, Pennsylvania. Two, cloud-camouflaged space ships collided in the sky there and produced a shattering thunderstorm and cloudburst which engulfed the town below. Fifty people drowned. Some of these aerial Visitors are no more thoughtful of our welfare than are we of our own during war.

Richard Shaver says that on the star-maps of the Visitors who come here from elsewhere in the universe the planet Earth is labeled as "The Great Tomb". The earth beneath our feet is the "limbo of forgotten things", a vast storehouse of the relics of bygone days. It is interesting that most primitive peoples think of the interior of the earth in this way, the limbo of forgotten things.

WE ARE PROPERTY

Shaver agrees with Charles Fort, "We are property." This summary of Fortean conclusions, by the way, was given to me by an Air Force officer in Honolulu a few years ago. I guess he had to read Charles Fort as part of his briefing on Flying Saucers. Anyhow, this Air Force officer told me that Fort's researches into the unusual had finally convinced him that we are the neglected property of a race of beings who came to this planet millions of years ago. These ancient Visitors were interested in producing or trying to produce a superior race by selected cross-breeding. The breeding went the other way. They got discouraged with the results and went off and left us -- or left our remote forefathers. Then every once in a while they come back to pick up a few specimens to see how we're getting along. The results are still discouraging, so they toss the specimens back into the pen and take off again!

Fort and Shaver do not seem to be alone in their conclusions that this planet is a sort of slum area of the solar system, with a choice collection of dead beats, bums, bindle-stiffs -- and people like you and me. This picture is not very flattering to our egos, is it.



N. Meade Layne

As far as Mr. Shaver is concerned our situation is utterly hopeless. He believes that we'll never get any secrets from the caves. He believes that the beings down there, whether human or non-human, have so much power that if they wanted to come to the surface they could just take over, or wipe us out. He says they don't do that because we are useful to them.

RAY POWER FROM THE CAVERNS

What little evidence we have seems to indicate that evil forces dominate the Cavern world, and that they are very, very watchful of their secret. This evidence supports the grim warnings of Adept occult teachers here on the surface: Leave the Cavern world alone. If you value your life, your sanity, don't under any circumstances attempt to investigate it. The experience of one of our BSRAssociates verifies the dire predictions of the Adepts.

In March 1946 our former director, Meade Layne, received a letter from him in which he detailed his experience, a most unpleasant one which almost cost him his life.

"I was in a reclining position and breathing rhythmically, in an attempt to contact Shaver mentally, first of all. I got action, fast! There was a burst of orange flame and I was caught in the damndest psychic force I have experienced in years. I was wholly conscious and in the body but paralyzed. I could hear strange sounds but could not locate nor identify them. I fought the force but could not shake it off. . . . This is the first time I have been caught in a force from which I could not extricate myself. . . . If this condition does exist it should be investigated, but I have made my last investigation of it. . . . I had been capably taught what pitfalls in occult investigation to avoid, but in this case, leave me out of it!"

He went on to say in his letter that if his wife hadn't been home at the time he made this attempt to contact Shaver, he might have lost his body, died. His wife, sensing his condition, brought him out of it.

Another Associate, Trevor James, claims to be a Saucer contactee. Skeptical of Shaver's claims, but curious about them, James asked his contact, Ashtar, if there were underground races and was surprised to receive an affirmative reply! And also a grim warning!

"At the core of your planet, there dwells a greatly degenerated race, an astral race, which is degenerate not so much in science, but in every moral respect as you know and understand it. They are capable

of space flight within the astral regions around the earth but are earth-bound. They are the forces of Eranus, whom you call Satan. They emerge at the South Pole. On your surface, they have allies who are without morals and without mercy. I give you this information that you may be aware of their existence. I enjoin you to forever close any researches into this astral activity, in the interests of your own safety." (From Trevor James' "They Live In The Sky")

SHAVER AN ATHEIST

I believe we must accept these warnings in all seriousness. The menace of evil forces in the underground world is very real. They should be left absolutely alone. I don't agree with Shaver, however, that these forces are about to take us over. As I said before, I think the main reason for his feelings of hopelessness is the fact that Richard Shaver is an avowed atheist. This means that he has no belief in or trust in an all-powerful Creator. He doesn't believe in God. Thus he sees no high purpose, no plan of evolution for mankind, leading toward any worthwhile goal. There is no light of spirit burning within him to guide him. According to the last letters Shaver sent out, early in 1960, he now thinks the Deros are closing in on him there at his Wisconsin home.

Interestingly enough this same feeling of hopelessness seems to have weighed on H.G. Wells, who somehow learned of the underworld early in life and wrote about it in one of his earliest stories, "The Time Machine". Wells wrote the dramatic story in 1895. You may have read it, or you may by now have seen George Pal's fascinating production of the story of the Eloi and the Morlocks in the movie, "The Time Machine". There, as you remember, the Deros of Wells' story, the Morlocks, eventually take over and make virtual slaves of the surface dwellers.

A third writer who has touched on this eventual, over-powering superiority of the Cavern dwellers is Lord Bulwer-Lytton, metaphysical writer of the 19th Century in England. Read his story "The Coming Race" in which a miner stumbles into the Cavern world by accident, is discovered and entertained by these people before returning to the surface. Again the surface dweller is impressed by their power and dramatizes the idea that the Cavern dwellers will eventually come to the surface and take over.

With this idea recurring again and again in Western literature there must be some hidden truth inspiring the fiction writer's imagination. I don't know for sure, but I'm not going down into any cavern just to try to disprove it.

I did begin to take this subject seriously in the spring of 1960 when Mrs. Crabb and I had a chance to visit Carlsbad Cavern during our lecture trip east in March and April. This was the first time that either of us had gone down into one of the great caves and we were really impressed with the size of it. We were also impressed by the fact that it has never been thoroughly explored. A cowboy named Jim White discovered Carlsbad there in New Mexico back in the 19th Century. He claims to have gone back as far as thirty miles, with still more cave

to explore. He was in the cave three weeks that time, without coming out. White is one of these natural Spelunkers, cave explorers, who enjoys the underworld. The fact that some surface dwellers are so much at home in caves seems to verify another fact given to Trevor James by his contact, Ashtar, that many of the Deros and Teros are incarnated now on the surface!

If Mrs. Crabb and I were ever cavern dwellers it was so long ago that we have no affinity for it. After two hours down there we had had it! Carlsbad may be beautiful but I'll take the surface any day! I'm thankful to the Earth Mother for giving me a body, but I look to the Sun for Light and Life!

A GENUINE UNDERGROUND CONTACT

As we headed eastward across Texas after Carlsbad I toyed with the idea of putting this Underground talk together. Three weeks later, in New York City, I heard a personal experience of contact with Cavern dwellers. This made the lecture seem very much worth putting together.

In the big city on the Hudson we stayed overnight with Constance Lois Jessop, secretary of the New York Saucer Information Bureau. Miss Jessop is English and back in the 1930s worked for the British government on the Island of Malta, Britain's great naval base in the middle of the Mediterranean, only sixty miles south of Sicily.

Malta's soft limestone is riddled with caves, some natural, some carved by hand. Whether or not the carving was done by human hands is hard to say at this date. The 17½ mile long island, situated strategically in the center of the Mediterranean, has been the prized possession of every naval power for the past six thousand years! The Phoenicians owned it then. Consequently it has been fought over many, many times; and each defender has dug into that limestone to store water, food, weapons and men. The organized priesthoods of the island, whether pagan or Christian, also dug in. The crypt below the church of the Knights of Malta is world-famous. The suspected catacombs below the neolithic temples on the surface have so far escaped discovery, with the exception of the Hypogeum of Hal Safolini in the village of Paula on the inland plateau behind the capital city of Valetta.

When Richard Walter visited Malta in 1939 he was told that a person could walk from one end of Malta to the other through the caves, until the British government walled some of them up, including portions of Hal Safolini. This neolithic marvel, duplicating the style of the surface temples was dated at 3,000 B.C. by Zammit, curator of the Valetta Museum. The temple which undoubtedly stood above it was probably razed in some ancient and long-forgotten siege which ravaged the island. Or more probably the temple and its hapless priesthood was destroyed by an enraged and long-suffering populace, in desperate revolt against insatiable earth gods who had been devouring virgin maids and youths for hundreds of years.

A Maltese contractor blundered into Hal Safolini in 1902 when digging a cistern for a new house. Word of the find finally got to

Valetta officials and a man named Magri was put in charge of the excavation, not of the catacomb itself which was a beautiful piece of work, but of the garbage! The numberless rooms and corridors of all three levels of Hal Saflini were half full of dirt, broken pottery, and bones!

THE CANNIBALISM OF THE DEROS

By the time Hal Saflini was cleaned out and ready for the first eager tourist, enough human bones had been taken out to account for 33,000 people having been killed and eaten in there! And these were the bones of normal sized, modern surface dwellers like you and me. They were not the bones of the little people who must have dug the cave. The passageways between the rooms were only four and a half feet high. Shaver claims the Deros are cannibals and here is one fact that seems to bear him out.

The National Geographic has featured Malta many times over the years and Hal Saflini has come in for its share of comment. The best single feature on the marvelous megalithic find is in the National Geographic for May, 1920. This article "Malta, The Halting Place Of Nations" by William Arthur Griffith contains the best pictures on the interior of the cave, as well as a lengthy description.

Here is Griffith's description of the "Oracle" in the cave: ". . . at about the level of a man's mouth is a hemispherical hole in the wall about two feet in diameter. Here it was noticed only a few months ago that any word spoken into this place was magnified a hundredfold and audible throughout the entire underground structure. A curved projection is specially carved out of the back of the cave near this hole and acts as a sounding board, showing that the designers had a good knowledge of sound-wave motion. The impression upon the credulous can be imagined when the oracle spoke and the words came thundering forth through the dark and mysterious places with terrifying impressiveness."

SERPENT WORSHIP, AND SACRIFICES

When Paul Wilstach toured Hal Saflini it left a lingering impression on him which is well described in his book "Islands of the Mediterranean". He remembered the guide pointing out a funnel-shaped pit in one of the lower levels as being "the pit of the sacrificial serpents"; but Griffith writes the most significant description of it.

". . . The pit is shaped like a funnel with a curious slipway worn out just below the hole in the opposite wall which communicates with the main hall. After sloping downward and inward the pit widens considerably and is sufficiently deep to prevent even a tall man from climbing out. It has been thought that sacred serpents were kept in this pit, the curving sides of which would prevent their escape. Possibly after the serpent had been lifted up, as was done by Moses in the wilderness, and due worship made, it would be returned to its lair through the hole in the wall. The larger entrance on the opposite side would permit a man or woman being cast among the serpents to be stung to death. (See Hiram Bingham's "Peru" in National Geographic for April, 1913.)"

Griffith tugs at the fringes of the Shaver Mystery when he says

that Hal Saflini is "so complex that one can only speculate as to the use or significance of its many extraordinary features."

Griffith seems to have been the only one of the cave's writer explorers who suspected lower levels to the labyrinth. This was when he was retracing his steps from the Holy of Holies through the room which contained a phallic, upright stone and on into another set of chambers on the left. Here he noticed that "the rock, instead of sounding solid to the tread, suddenly sounds very hollow, as if there were a well or a room not yet opened. What wonderful store of archaeological wealth is perhaps here awaiting that opening!"

He wouldn't have thought it so wonderful if he had accompanied the school children who disappeared into those lower levels of Hal Saflini about fifteen years later!

THOSE ELUSIVE CAVERN ENTRANCES

This is a mystery I can explain only by saying that the entrances to the Cavern world are camouflaged beyond discovery -- except when some unsuspecting mortal approaches and for some reason is wanted down below -- or to welcome someone "in the know". Ray Palmer says he has been given the location of a genuine Cavern entrance, and has passed the location on to eager underground researchers. In one case, the Spelunker never came back. He must have succeeded in penetrating the mystery. In all other cases no Cavern entrance could be found by the explorers. There is probably some form of hypnosis involved. This blinds the unwanted to the hole in the ground.

In the case of Hal Saflini thousands of tourists and technicians must have explored all three levels from 1906, when it was officially opened, until the time when Lois Jessop and her five friends toured the place in the mid-thirties. Certainly a few of them, like her, would have refused to accept the guide's laconic statement on the third level that "This is all there is to see." Even in the last room there are still more openings leading off into the blackness. These are even lower in height than the four-and-a-half foot corridors.

Archaeologist J.D.Evans, in his well-illustrated, comparatively new book, "Malta", describes this final, high-ceilinged room "from which open four small oven-like chambers; these were obviously intended to be used for burials but were found empty when the building was first explored." And we can suppose that the scientist gave these dark cubicles at least a cursory glance to satisfy himself that this was indeed the end of Hal Saflini.

THE OPEN DOOR TO THE NETHERWORLD

But that wasn't what Joe, the guide, told Lois after she and her friends had completed the regular tour and were asked to retrace their steps back to the surface.

"What's down there?" she asked the guide, pointing to a small opening off the walls.

"Go there at your own risk, and you wont go far," he replied.

This was a challenge Lois couldn't pass up. She talked it over with her friends. Two of them decided to stay with Joe. The other three summoned up enough courage to explore with her.

"I was wearing a dress with a long sash that day and as I decided to lead the group I asked the fellow behind me to hold on to it. So, with half-burnt candles in our hands the four of us started through that low, narrow passage, groping and laughing our way through.

"I came out first, of course, onto a ledge pathway only two feet wide, with a sheer drop of fifty feet or more on my right and the wall on my left. I took a step forward, keeping close to the rock wall side. The person behind me, still holding on to my sash, was still in the tunnel.

"I held my candle higher and peered down into the abyss, thinking that with this dangerous drop it was better not to go on further without a guide. Then I saw about twenty persons of giant stature emerge from an opening deep below me. They were walking in single file along another narrow ledge down below. Their height I judged to be about twenty to twenty-five feet, since their heads came up about half way on the wall on the opposite side of the cave. They walked very slowly, taking long strides. Then they all stopped, turned and raised their heads in my direction. All simultaneously raised their arms and with their hands beckoned to me. The movement was something like snatching or feeling for something, as the palms of their hands were turned down."

By this time her friends back in the passage were becoming impatient of the delay. There was a tug of the sash.

"Go on. We're all getting stuck in here. What's the matter?"

"Well," stammered Lois, "there's nothing much to see."

She took another hesitant step forward, her candle in her right hand, her left hand against the cold rock for support. But it wasn't on a cold rock wall, it was on something damp and wet, AND IT MOVED!

"Then a strong wind came from nowhere and blew my candle out! Now I really WAS scared in the darkness. I yelled to the others, 'GO BACK! GO BACK! Guide me with my sash. I can't see!'

"They pulled me back into the low tunnel and we backed up all the way along the passage into the large room."

Lois was relieved to see her friends and Joe, the guide, again.

"Did you see anything?" one of them asked.

"No, my candle went out," she replied with finality. "There was a strong draft in there."

"Let's go," said Joe, looking at Lois, and she returned his glance

eye for eye. She knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that at one time Joe had also seen those giants. There was an expression of caution in his glance which held her to silence.

"Out in the hot Malta sunshine again we thanked our guide and as we tipped him Joe said to me! 'If you really are interested in exploring further it would be wise to join a group. There is a schoolteacher who is going to take a party exploring soon.'"

Lois left her address with him, suggesting that he have the schoolteacher get in touch with her; but she never heard any more of it. Some few days later one of the friends of the Hal Saflini excursion called her on the phone.

"Remember that tunnel you wanted to explore in the Hypogaeum? Well, it says here in the local paper that a schoolmaster and thirty students went exploring and apparently got as far as we got. They were roped together, with the end of the rope tied to the opening of the cave. As the last student turned the corner where your candle blew out the rope was clean cut. None of the party was found because the walls caved in."

Miss Jessop was shocked by this news, but it only strengthened her own resolve to say nothing of what she had seen and felt that unforgettable day in Hal Saflini. Some months later her sister came to Malta on a visit, and insisted on touring the famous Hypogaeum. Reluctantly, Lois went along, retracing the same route but this time with a different guide! She awaited that fateful opening with a dreaded expectancy as they worked their way through the corridors and rooms to the lowest level. The entrance to that tunnel was boarded up!

"Isn't this where the schoolteacher and the thirty students got trapped?" she asked the guide.

He nodded his head vaguely, shrugged his shoulders, "Perhaps," and refused to answer her questions about the tragedy.

"You are new here, aren't you," she observed, thinking of Joe who had guided her through on her previous trip. "Where's Joe?"

"Joe?" he asked, puzzled, "I don't know any Joe. I, alone, have been showing people around this catacomb for years."

It was then Miss Jessop verified what many another visitor to that strange island has discovered, you cannot get a thing out of the Maltese, when they don't want to talk. After that one brief glimpse into the underworld she was confronted by the impenetrable mystery which has confounded so many researchers -- unless they have somehow broken through the veil and are "in the know".

The Maltese are not an European race. Their peculiar language is closer to Arabic than it is to any European tongue. Outwardly, at least, they are Christians, in the iron grip of the Catholic Church!

My third Flying Saucer talk, on America's Destiny, contains references to the Cavern world. It was after hearing this presentation to the NYSIB that Miss Jessop felt moved to tell me and Mrs. Crabb of her Malta experience. Then in the Communications talk given in New York the second night she saw illustrations which reminded her of the appearance of the twenty-five foot creatures in the Hypogaeum of Hal Saflini. The illustrations are from Max Heindel's "Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception", line drawings of the magnetic field or aura of: the ordinary man, the involuntary clairvoyant, and the voluntary clairvoyant.

Actually, Lois found the giants of the cave hard to describe because their covering seemed to be like long white hair, combed downward and shaggy looking. Their heads were unusually elongated at chin and top with large features, and the hair on their heads fell about the shoulders like a draped monk's cowl. Lois found the Heindel drawings exciting because "the currents in the desire body" sketches were the first to resemble in any way the cave dwellers she saw on Malta. Nor does her description of them correspond to Shaver's Deros, hideous dwarfs or trolls who might very well have carved that portion of Hal Saflini now open to the public. This conflict in sizes and types very well illustrates the point I made earlier, that the underworld is people with beings of many sizes, shapes and varying degrees of density, from the completely physical to the completely invisible.

Now, I have no reason to doubt Miss Jessop's honesty, nor the accuracy of her story; nevertheless, it is understandable that I only half believed it when Mrs. Crabb and I left New York to continue our trip. But on returning home to Vista, and going to the San Diego library for reference materials on Malta, I found enough confirmation for me.

THEY WERE GIVEN UP FOR DEAD

I saw it in Richard Walter's "Wanderers Awheel In Malta" in the August 1940 National Geographic. "Years ago one could walk underground from one end of Malta to the other, but all entrances were closed by the government because of a tragedy. On a sight-seeing trip, comparable to a nature study tour in our own (American) schools, a number of elemental school children and their teachers descended into the tunneled maze and did not return. For weeks mothers declared that they heard wailing and screaming from the underground. But numerous excavations and searching parties brought no trace of the lost souls. After three weeks they were finally given up for dead."

A sad story isn't it? One wonders why the British government, powerful as it is, didn't organize an expedition and go in there in great force. Did fear stop them? Fear of the unknown? Or perhaps pressure from the Catholic hierarchy? Bureaucratic officials are not notoriously brave. In this case it was easier to close the file with the official statement that the walls had caved in, and walling off the area -- not an unusual procedure for authorities in a situation beyond their control.

(For written permission to quote from Miss Jessop's story, write to her care of the New York Saucer Information Bureau, PO Box 26, Planetarium Station, New York 24, NY.)

THE INNER CIRCLE AGAIN

Back in the early days of the Mark Probert seances in San Diego, in 1947, all kinds of unusual people were coming through and holding interesting and puzzling conversations with Meade Layne, director of BSRA then. The one I'd like to quote from now was apparently with a Cavern dweller, one of the good ones, a Tero. He spoke in a high-pitched, thin, male voice.

"Tell that man Shaver he'd better leave this Dero business alone!"

"Who are you?" asked Meade, but he received no reply, only a chuckle came from Mark's body; so he tried again. "Who are the Deros, how would you describe them?"

"The Deros are earth elementals, their bodies are not dense matter; they are etheric but they can operate on a plane of dense matter."

"But Shaver claims they are physical and that the Deros live in physical caverns."

"Yes, the Deros do live in caverns even though they are etheric. Every kind of elemental lives in its own place. Some live in damp, cold, gloomy places, in dark places."

"Well, why are they so dangerous to us?" asked Meade.

"The danger is this. In encouraging them, in studying them, if you give them attention you bring them into your aura. Once in your aura they act like vampires, drawing out your life force."

"Shaver claims the Deros are as physical as we are."

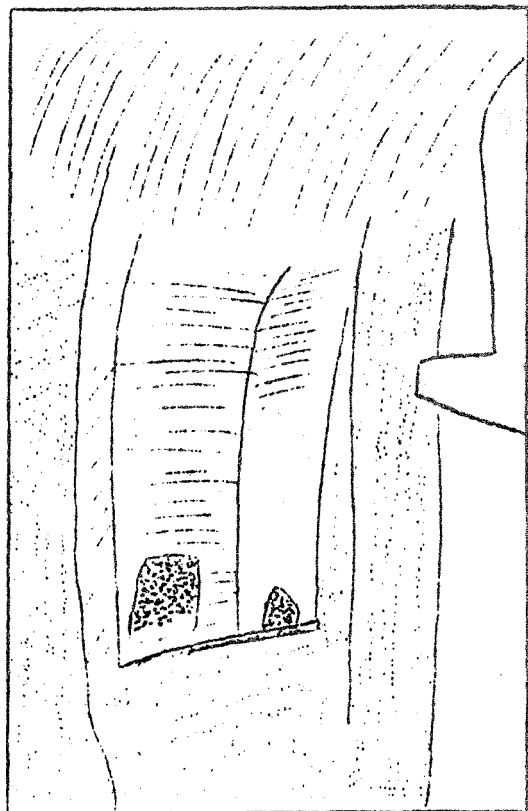
"No, the Deros cannot appear in dense matter of themselves, but only if some stupid human gives them aid."

"Do they cause trouble here on the surface as Shaver claims?"

"No, they do not normally interfere in human affairs, but sometimes men come in contact with them. Insanity is often caused by them, more by elementals than by spirits."

"Where are the Deros located?"

"Sometimes they gather for special occasions, but mostly they are widely scattered. If you aren't going to let them alone, then get a group of down-to-earth investigators and go after them full force. If you don't, there'll be a sad end."



THE LAST ROOM IN HAL
SAFLINI, CAVE ON MALTA.



AT LEFT, girl tourist teases Barbary Ape perched on house window sill in Gibraltar. At times the apes swarm over the Rock of Gibraltar. At other times they disappear completely, presumably back home to Spanish Morocco, 16 miles across the Strait in Africa. Apes are not native to Europe!

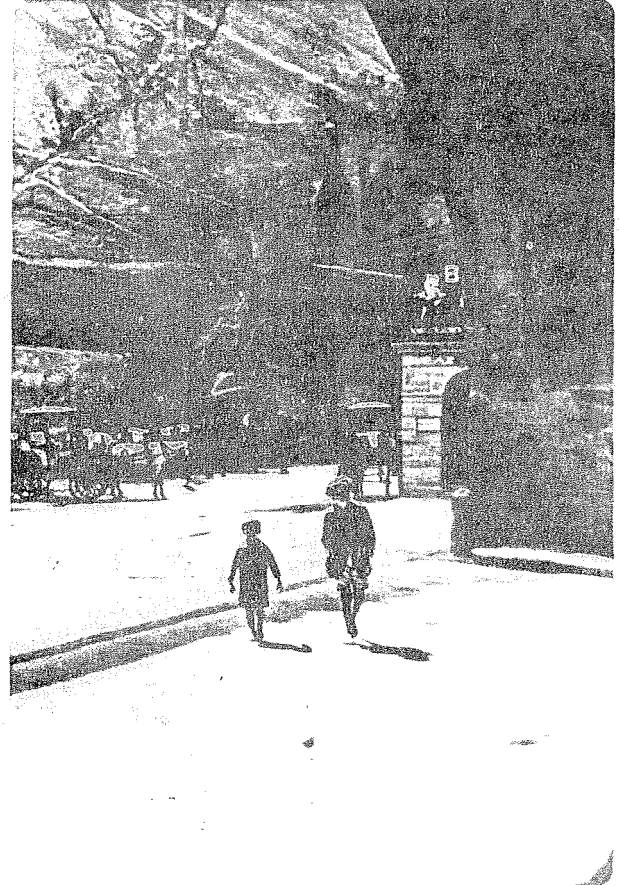
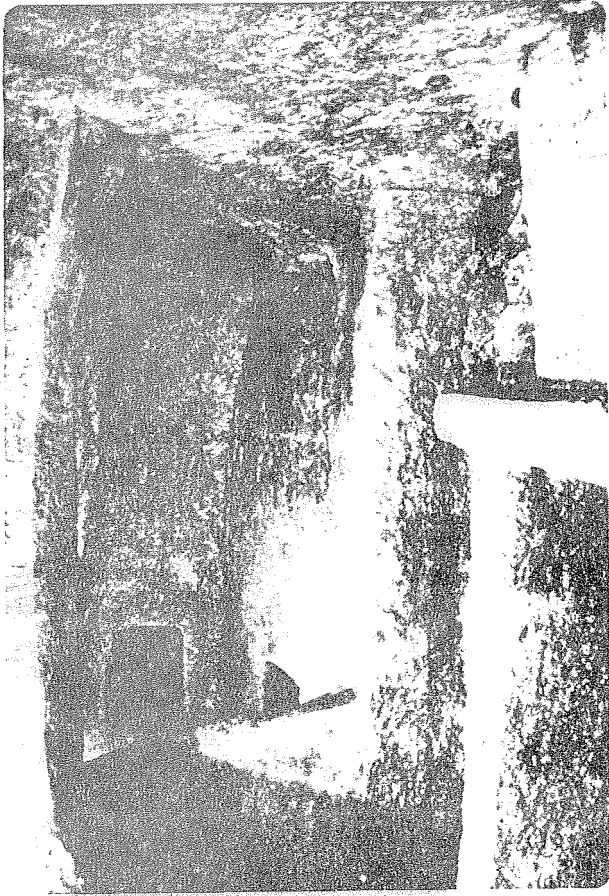
Identification banded apes, tagged in Gibraltar, have been found in Morocco, and vice versa. No apes have ever been seen swimming across the Strait. They certainly don't fly -- though perhaps they could be transported in Flying Saucers -- so the only logical conclusion is that the apes make their way across the Strait through underground caverns, still unknown and undiscovered by surface dwelling human beings. Natural caverns deep within

the Rock were discovered early in World War II when supply and storage tunnels were being dug out. Apparently these were not fully explored; or if they were, the results were censored by the British government.



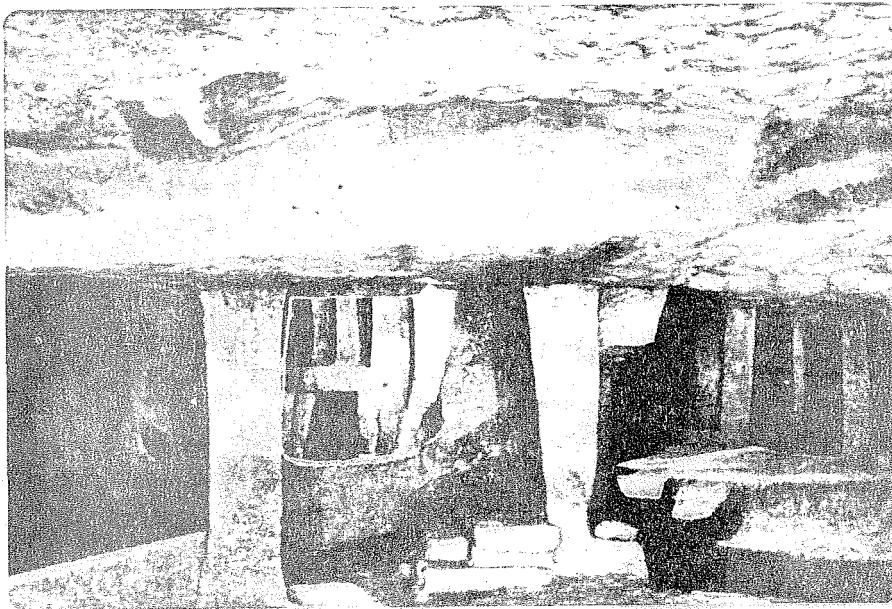
ABOVE is a picture of the Rock of Gibraltar taken from Spanish Morocco, 16 miles away in Africa, the natural home of the Barbary Apes. AT RIGHT, is a shot of the Rock from the air. Town of Gibraltar is at left.





ABOVE, chamber of the lowest, third level of Hal Saflini, with the small, black entrances to the so-called burial chambers in the corner. Presumably, it was beyond here that Lois Jessop had her shocking experience and the exploring children were lost in the mid-1930s. Presumably also, these are the entrances that were boarded up, though casual observers saw only blank walls when they peered inside. ABOVE RIGHT is a downtown street of Valetta, Malta. Camera looks out from

under one huge open-carved from the soft limestone, at other cavern entrances across the way.



AT LEFT is another picture of the interior of Hal Saflini, showing the finished detail of the underground work, the chief tourist attraction on the island of Malta.

With that the unidentified Control departed suddenly. After a few moments another Control took over and Meade heard the familiar voice of Charles Lingford, of the Inner Circle. Meade asked Lingford to describe the recent, unannounced visitor.

"Yes, I saw him," replied Lingford. "In fact he's still dancing around here on the Astral plane. A most remarkable looking object, he's about three feet high and perfectly hairless and bald, and has no eyelashes. It might be a good idea to do what this little fellow said and get together a group of really good investigators. I know Shaver doesn't believe in spirits but if you could only get him to this seance circle we would find out the truth of this whole business. But Shaver prefers to fool around with elementals. If he wants to go off the deep end, that's all right with us. But cant something be done about the publishing company that's giving publicity to this whole thing?"

After this bit of revelation Meade appended a note on information received through another psychic source. These Communicators described the Deros as degenerate descendants of the Atlanteans, living in physical bodies underground, but en rapport with evil entities of the lower Astral planes and controlled by them. After this Mr. Layne observes that it may be that both types of entities exist, operating back and forth across the borders of the planes, from the dense physical into the invisible, but very real etheric and astral realms below the surface of the earth. We have the fact of the underworld, but oh how the interpretations differ!

More than one source of underground information claims that the Caverns have their own light. That may be but are they speaking of physical light? Or etheric light? The ceilings of some of the rooms in Hal Saflini are covered with intricate spiral designs. There is no evidence of smoke-blackening from torches on these ceilings. This means either that the beings who dug Hal Saflini had some other source of illumination, or that they could see in the dark! Or perhaps they didn't have eyes, or need them.



A WAGNERIAN
NIBELUNG

THE KINGDOM OF PAN

As I promised earlier, this talk would include a description of some of the creatures of Pan, the mythical Kingdom of the interior of the earth. The best information I've found on that is in the writings of Geoffrey Hodson, trained clairvoyant who made these observations in Switzerland and in England about thirty-five years ago.

His wife sat beside him in the open fields and jotted down the data as he opened his spiritual vision on the etheric and astral counterparts of the physical world and told her what he saw of these legendary but very real earth creatures.

The fauns have the bodies of about six-year old children, with dark, curly hair, pointed ears, bare arms and trunks, shaggy little legs and the cloven hoof of the animal. Hodson says their eyes have a slanted, curious, sly expression and they move about with a brisk, trotting pace, upright on their hind feet.

On closer contact with the little fauns he discovered that they have a special atmosphere all their own; there was an earth smell and vibration to them. Hodson was surprised to discover that the fauns were unlike either human beings or fairies. They belonged to a separate, a third stream of evolution which had its origin deep in the bowels of the earth. Fauns are creatures of the Earth. He found that when he tried to contact the consciousness of the fauns, his own consciousness was drawn downward, deep into the lower regions and backward in time to the earliest beginnings of life on this planet. He was in Arcadian times.

The fauns were a reflection of consciousness from below; whereas humans and angels are a reflection of consciousness from above. The seat of consciousness for members of the human evolution, children of the Sun, is above the physical form. Hodson discovered that to find the seat of consciousness he had to go below the form, exactly the opposite from us. Is it any wonder, then, that there is this endless conflict between the underworld and the surface?

Another thing we learn from Hodson is that our physical body is the densest expression of us. I believe most of us would agree with that, that our material bodies are a tangible expression of an intangible spiritual principle. But in the case of the members of the Kingdom of Pan Mr. Hodson found that the form was the least dense expression of the consciousness. As his searching consciousness was drawn into the interior of the earth he got a feeling of greater heaviness and density.

THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

There is a powerful Intelligence operating behind the forms of faun and satyr. That is the Spirit of the Earth who created them, in Theosophical terms, a Planetary Logos, who creates self-conscious beings as part of its work, just as the Solar Logos creates the human race.

I would deduce from this that the Serpent Race we spoke of earlier in the talk, described to us by the Yada di Shi-ite as coming from the interior of Venus, are creations of the Planetary Logos of Venus. And seeing that Venus is a whole round ahead of us in evolution it is understandable that these upright Serpents would be superior to us in some respects. Apparently they mastered space travel a long, long time ago.

But the underworld creatures of our Earth resemble more the animal than the serpent. Hodson says that when his consciousness was drawn back to the springtime of the planet he saw huge creatures of gigantic proportions sitting on ledges of rock, brooding, chin on hand, elbow on knee. They were neither ape, nor man, nor elemental, but something of all three, some fifteen to twenty feet tall and with a powerful, instinctive mentality. He sensed that these huge creatures were far above the intellectual level of the animals, but it was an intensifica-

tion of instinct rather than development of reason

CENTAUR AND SATYR

With his mind drawn deep in the earth Geoffrey Hodson found himself surrounded by conditions which reminded him of Greek Mythology, the Pan world of man-headed animals and of animal-headed men. To his higher consciousness the interior of the earth was not dark but self-illuminated. He saw centaurs, those ivory-bodied creatures with the torso and head of a man and the body of a horse. They had a guttural language interspersed with deep, rolling laughter.

Swarthy satyrs full of craft and cunning crouched in caves, their eyes burning with a strange green fire which issued forth as a ray visible for some distance. Again Hodson was impressed with a feeling of extreme antiquity as he observed these creatures of the third stream of evolution.

You will find these interesting descriptions in Geoffrey Hodson's little book, "The Kingdom of Faerie", long out of print. The locale for most of the observations was a field close to a heavily wooded area in an English country district. He and his wife sat comfortably on a log out in the open.

When Mr. Hodson set about changing the focus of his consciousness from the physical to the Astral he was aware of being watched by someone and it bothered him. He at first thought it was a discarnate human being who had been attracted to them and tried to drive him off, but without success. The interruption to his concentration did cease, however. Later, Hodson saw that the interloper was not a human but one of the creatures of Pan!

He looked like an ordinary person dressed in dark clothes, but he had an exceptionally hairy face and dark beard, which he was stroking as he leaned carelessly against a tree, legs crossed, eyes gleaming, smiling sardonically at Hodson's attempts to make something of him.

"He feels weird," writes Hodson, "and I now see that the top of his head is covered with a shaggy growth of hair and that he has two short horns, one on either side of his forehead. He knows that I have made this discovery and there is a gleam in his eye. . . He will not move. He will not communicate. He just stands there taking pleasure in my inability to make anything of him, and watching us with a curiously detached, yet amused interest. He is now taunting me with my failure; but, since he has shown even this activity, I have gained a clue. Once more I see that the consciousness is seated below the form and not above. There is something masterful about him, and he seems to be quite at home and superior to his environment. Beyond that I see and feel nothing. There is a complete blank."

At that time Mr. Hodson was receiving occult instruction from a Teacher of the Angel evolution, so he says; and so he was fortunate enough to receive intelligent explanations of some of the phenomena uncovered by his clairvoyant investigations of the invisible.

ADVICE FROM AN ANGEL TEACHER

"The Kingdom of Pan is slowly passing away as far as human consciousness on this planet is concerned. Its creatures belong to a previous epoch, deep in the night of time. Some of its more promising members are given the chance of entering the human kingdom, and he whom you described was such an one, and the thought of what lay before him was in his mind, as he stood appraising you as members of the kingdom which he is about to enter."

So here we have an explanation of why the Satyr on the edge of the wood regarded Hodson and his wife with detached but very real interest. And here also we have a clue to the consuming interest in the Cavern world displayed by some few human beings. They may be "graduates" of this third stream of evolution from within the Earth.

THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

The Angel Teacher also enlightened Hodson on our Planetary Logos.

"All those things that you call Nature -- tree, flower, corn, root, grass, mountain, fell, hill and dale -- are expressions of the life of the Great One, who has this earth as a physical body."

Hodson was told to "think of the rock as the skeleton and soil as the flesh, rivers as the blood vessels, the water of the rivers and the seas as the blood and the magnetic currents as flowing along the nerves of His body -- the vegetation bearing the same relation to that body as hair does to yours. . . .

"Pan manifested is an uprush of earth consciousness, a relatively active expression of that which is normally quiescent. . . . The Spirit of the Earth expresses itself through the earth as a form or vehicle, but not as we of the human and deva kingdoms do, by its movement and activity so much, as through the growth and development of its natural products. . . .

"This mighty consciousness is spread equally throughout the whole globe, and has its center or heart in the middle of the earth, and subsidiary centers at other parts, in relationship with particular areas on the surface. It is in these areas or force centers of the Spirit of the Earth that the great civilisations gather. Egypt, for example, is one, Shamballa is another, there is another in India, one in central Europe, one in Ireland -- others where there are seas now, to be used by the humanities of the future. The hierarchies are aware of these centers and make use of them for the furtherance of their work. . . ."

This Teacher's reference to hierarchies reminded me of a couple he didn't mention. Perhaps it was forbidden in August, 1925 when the instruction was originally given. But the hierarchies of the organized priesthoods of the world are significant forces in civilized life, and not necessarily for good? I'm thinking primarily, of course, of the Roman Catholic hierarchy at Rome, Italy and the Buddhist hierarchy of Tibetan Lamas which was centered at Lhasa, Tibet. My personal belief is that when the Chinese Communists took control of Tibet away from the

Lamas, it was one evil ruthless force destroying another evil force equally ruthless. The Dalai Lama has been driven away from that force center in Tibet, but have the Reds been able to get at the "Black Pope" of Tibetan Buddhism, the Tashi Lama? He's probably still safe, and still in control of his underground center, Agharta.

EARTH AN EVOLVING CONSCIOUSNESS

". . . the Spirit of the Earth is an evolving being, as the globe is an evolving form which has passed through all degrees of density and, having reached the deepest point, has started its upward journey. The changes in vegetation. . . the development of new species. . . all these are the expressions of the evolving consciousness of the Spirit of the Earth. . . a representative of the (Solar) Logos. . .

"The expression of its consciousness, however, is not limited to the vegetable and mineral kingdoms; it has produced other forms, neither human nor animal, it is true, but partaking of the appearance of both; these are the creatures of Pan. Strange and weird though they appear to you, they are natural expressions of certain aspects of the Earth's consciousness; you might almost regard them as its play, or perhaps as being the result of certain experiments which it has made.

"In the remote ages of the past, before the development of the mind, these creatures of Pan were more objective, more material, did indeed roam the earth, and were occasionally contacted by primitive Arcadian man. As the great changes began to occur, which the development of emotion and mind wrought in human life, Pan was no longer a desirable associate, and was therefore withdrawn from the material plane; but he still exists and may still be found as you have proved. The time may yet come in later days when the association will be resumed. Pan was on the downward arc when his cycle and that of humanity touched one another in the past; in the far future, when the corresponding point is reached in the next cycle, Pan will be on the path of return.

A NOTE FOR THE FUTURE

"Amongst the many great changes that are occurring, one will arise as the result of what might be described as a stirring of the Spirit of the Earth within its form, a stirring which will bring certain aspects of its life nearer to the surface and more nearly within the reach of human consciousness. The effects of this will be many. One will be to draw men nearer to Nature, and so to keep them simple amid the ever-increasing complexity which is such a strongly marked characteristic of the present phase of human development. Contact with it will tend to develop the mystic side of human consciousness, and it will exercise a coordinating, synthesising and unifying influence upon man.

"All these developments, though apparently the results of many streams of life, are timed to take place at certain particular periods; for, behind the diversity, behind even the Spirit of the Earth, there is the One Will which is omnipotent, the One Mind which is omniscient and the One Life which is omnipresent; and, coordinated by this, evolution proceeds irresistibly, perfectly, and in an ordered procession of events, on its majestic way." (From "Kingdom of Faerie", Hodson.)

AN ORDERED PROCESSION

What a great comfort it is to read the measured wisdom of that Being who, standing above and apart from the troubled human race, sees the Plan of Evolution for man on this planet. Hodson's Angel Teacher sees us as evolving Gods, struggling to gain control of the creative forces within us. Our own creative forces have their positive and negative aspects, good and evil, with which we must contend until one or the other wins out.

When we give way to the evil within us this opens the door to an uprush of unbalanced force from the interior of the earth which leads us on to vice and crime. The pain and suffering which results in a diseased and broken body give us knowledge. This is why the serpent or the dragon has always been a symbol of knowledge, and of good and evil, on this planet. Twin serpents, usually hooded cobras upraised, are seen on the headdresses of Egyptian rulers, and on the temples, all over that ancient land. Where they are evenly paired it means that the creative forces are balanced, as they should be in any normal, healthy, well-adjusted human being. When any of us is in this happy condition it means that he has temporarily "slain the dragon", as symbolized so dramatically by Siegfried in the Wagnerian opera.

I must give you this occult wisdom in this talk to counterbalance the glimpse into the chaotic and evil underworld. And it is this wisdom which is so obviously lacking in Richard Shaver's materialism. Until a person's vision is illumined by the Spirit within him, he will be guided by his lower nature with its preponderance of unbalanced force on the negative side. This is obvious also in the despairing cry of H.G.Wells in "The Time Machine". This fearful attitude is normal in the primitive man who worships devils. His consciousness is still limited. But it isn't or shouldn't be normal in a civilized man of the Fifth race. Once we have rounded the nadir of the evolutionary wheel there should be an abiding faith in God and the irresistible pressure toward the eventual improvement of conditions.

The Spirit of the Earth is headed toward eventual perfection, even as we. The Great Earth Mother has to put up with our trials and tribulations here on the surface, just as we have to put up with her unconditioned and struggling forces in the interior. Part of our job as evolving Gods is to learn of the forces, to understand them, and to use them, under control.

THE SNAKE DANCE

Certain tribes of American Indians here in the southwest learned ages ago how to safely contact the earth Gods in their magical ceremonies. The one I have in mind is the so-called snake dance for bringing much-needed rain. Ask the medicine man why desert rattlers are gathered and used in this particular ceremony and he will say that he tells the rattler that rain is needed. The snake is afterward released to return into the earth, carrying the message back to the earth Gods. These rain-making ceremonies are so successful one cannot doubt the medicine men know what they are doing.

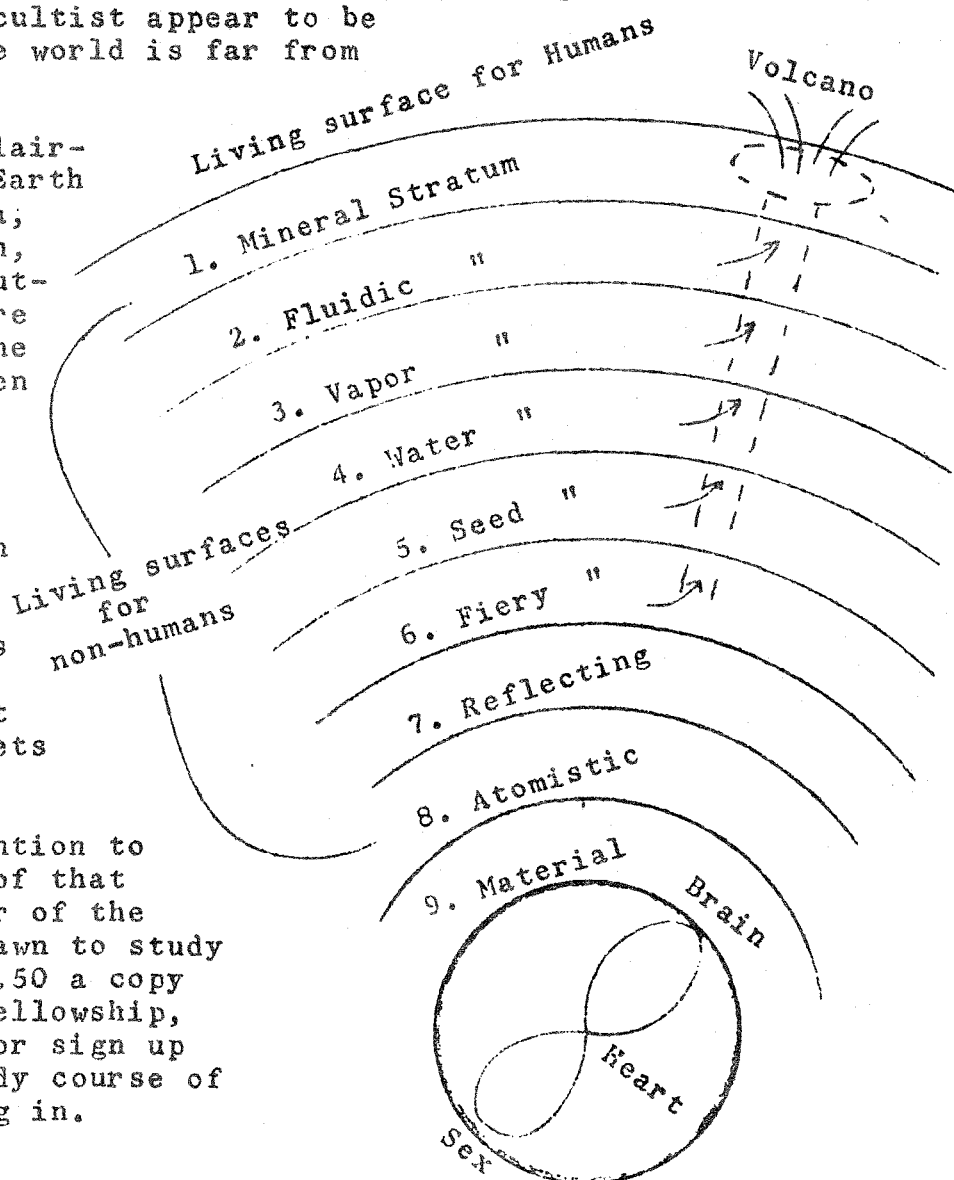
THE CONSTITUTION OF THE EARTH

Of course the desert rattler goes only a few feet into the solid stratum of the earth once the medicine man has freed him from the rain-making ceremony, but the desire of the tribe for rain is gathered up by the magician as a telepathic suggestinn. This, if I understand Max Heindel correctly, is projected mentally downward to the 4th or Water Stratum of the interior where "are the germinal possibilities of all that exists upon the surface of the Earth. Here are the archetypal forces which are back of the group spirits. . . ."

Below, we have reproduced Diagram 18, in Chap. 28, "The Constitution of the Earth", from Mr. Heindel's "Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception". This is the only work we have found which even pretends to give a partial explanation of the interior of the planet. Mr. Heindel says the scientists have "with all their usual splendid care, investigated the very outside shell, but only to an insignificant depth. As for volcanic eruptions, they try to understand them as they try to understand everything else, in a purely mechanical way. . . their theories have some foundation but in this case they are, as always, neglecting the spiritual causes which to the occultist appear to be true ones. To him, the world is far from being 'dead'. . . ."

"To the trained clairvoyant sight. . . the Earth appears built in strata; something like an onion, one layer or stratum outside another. There are nine such strata and the central core, making ten in all. These strata are revealed to the Initiate gradually. One strata becomes accessible to him at each Initiation, so that at the end of the nine lesser Initiations he is master of all the layers, but has not yet access to the secrets of the core."

It is not my intention to review here the whole of that chapter on the interior of the earth. If you feel drawn to study it, buy the book at \$3.50 a copy from the Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, California or sign up for the elementary study course of twelve lessons, and dig in.



When the advancing man has penetrated the nine Lesser Mysteries the core of the Earth is opened to him "by the first of the Four Great Initiations, in which he learns to know the mystery of the mind, that part of his being begun on Earth. When he is ready for the first Great Initiation he has developed his mind to the degree all men are destined to attain to at the end of the Earth Period. . . After his first Great Initiation he is an Adept. . . "

THE NINE STRATA OF THE EARTH

1. The Mineral Earth: This is the stony crust with which Geology deals as far as it is able to penetrate.

2. The Fluid Stratum: The matter of this stratum is. . . more like a thick paste. It has the quality of expansion, like that of an exceedingly explosive gas, and is kept in place only by the enormous pressure of the outer crust. . . These correspond to the Chemical and Etheric Regions of the Physical World.

3. The Vapor Stratum: . . . an ever-flowing and pulsating life, as in the Desire World surrounding and inter-penetrating our Earth.

4. The Water Stratum: The germinal possibilities of all that exists upon the surface of the Earth. Here are the archetypal forces which are back of the group spirits; also the archetypal forces of the minerals, for this is the direct physical expression of the Region of Concrete Thought. (Above the physical.)

5. The Seed Stratum: In this fifth stratum is the primordial fount of life from which came the impetus that built all the forms on Earth. It corresponds to the Region of Abstract Thought.

6. The Fiery Stratum: This stratum is possessed of sensation, pleasure and pain. . . The feeling of the Earth is particularly active in this sixth stratum, which corresponds to the World of Life Spirit. From here to the surface of the Earth are a number of shafts in different places. The outer ends of these are called "Volcanic craters".

7. The Refracting Stratum: This part of the Earth corresponds to the World of the Divine Spirit. . . In it all the forces which are known to us as the "Laws of Nature" exist as moral, or rather immoral forces. (The Qliphoth of the Kabbalist?) In the beginning of the conscious career of man they were much worse than at present. But it appears that as humanity progresses in morals, these forces improve correspondingly; also that any lapse in morals has a tendency to unleash these Nature forces and causes them to create havoc upon the Earth; while the striving for higher ideals makes them less inimical to man.

The forces in this stratum are thus, at any time, an exact reflection of the existing moral status of mankind. . . for as surely as there is an individual responsibility to the law of Consequence which brings to each person the just results of his deeds whether for good or evil, so is there also community and national responsibility, which brings upon groups of men corresponding results for their collective acts.

Nature forces are the general agents of such retributive justice, causing floods, or earthquakes, or the beneficent formation of oil or coal for various groups, according to their deserts.

8. The Atomistic Stratum: This is the expression of the World of Virgin Spirits. It seems to have the property of multiplying many fold the things in it; this applies, however, only to those things which have been definitely formed.

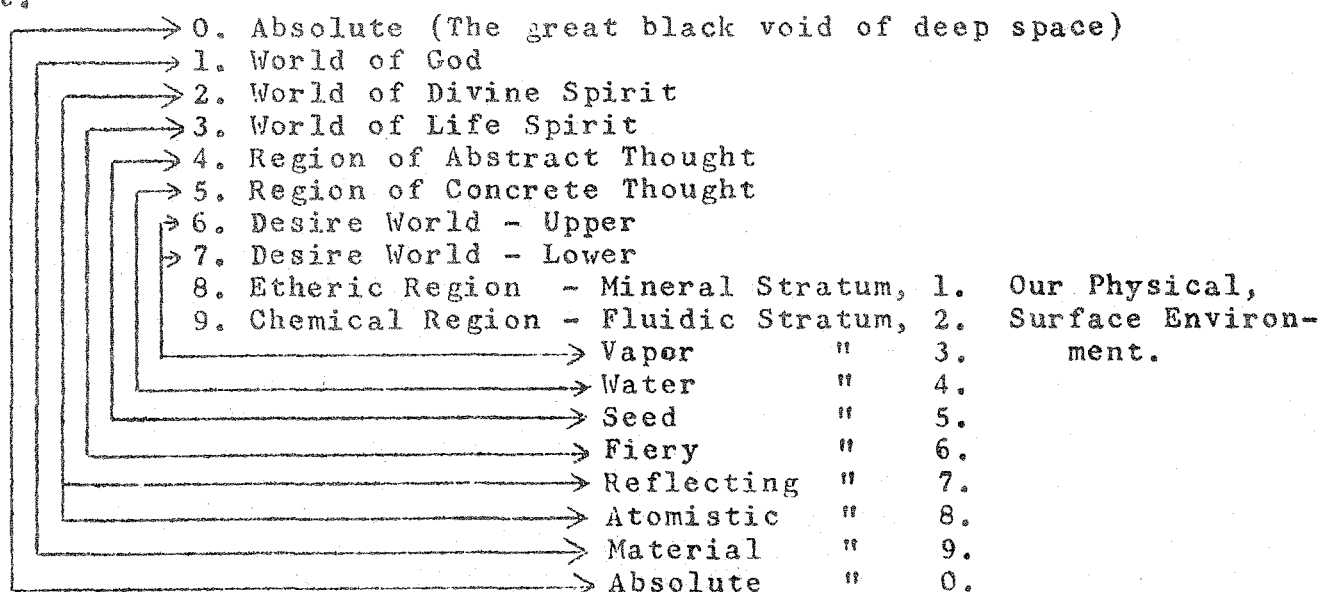
9. Material Expression of the Earth Spirit: There are here lemniscate currents which are intimately connected with the brain, heart, and sex organs of the human race. It corresponds to the World of God.

10. Center of Being of the Earth Spirit: Nothing more can be said about this at present except that it is the ultimate seed ground of all that is in and on Earth, and corresponds to the Absolute.

When the Nature forces in the seventh stratum are unleashed so that they can express themselves through a volcanic outburst, they set the (sixth) fiery stratum in motion and the agitation spreads outward to the mouth of the crater. The bulk of the material is taken from the substance of the second stratum, for that is the denser counterpart of the sixth stratum. (From pages 503 through 508 of the "Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception".)

AS ABOVE, SO BELOW

Max Heindel teaches that within the interior of the earth we have a duplication of the varying densities or planes of consciousness of outer space. So now for ease of understanding lets combine those ideas in one chart.



Descriptions of the regions above the physical surface can be found in occult literature such as Oliver's "Phylos, Dweller On Two Planets", Elsa Barker's "Letters of a Living Dead Man", and the Theosophical writings of Geoffrey Hodson and C.W. Leadbeater; but intelligent descrip-

tions of the regions below the crust are hard to come by. The fanciful literature on voyages and trips to the center of the earth are so cluttered with human imagery that it is impossible to separate fact from fiction. I'm thinking of books like John Uri Lloyd's "Etidorpha" (which is Aphrodite spelled backward), "The Smoky God" by Willis George Emerson, and of course, Jules Verne. Max Heindel was allowed to at least give a classification of the densities in the late 1920s; but it wasn't until a generation later that another seer, H.W.Percival, could give a running description of the experiences of the Initiate as he plumbed the depths in search of his Godhood.

THE GREAT WAY

Percival undertakes this monumental task in Section 5 of the Chapter "The Great Way" in his unusual book, "Thinking and Destiny". This thousand page bible can be ordered from The Word Publishing Co., 33 West 42nd St., New York 36, NY at \$6.00 a copy.

In Section 5 Percival says the Way in the earth opens for a man "when the ties have fallen away, when there are no obligations to family, community and country, and when he feels no attachment, the human leaves and is lost sight of by his associates. . . He becomes an ongoer (Initiate) and prepares for the form path. . . He has only one associate and that is a companion. . . a human being acquainted with the four planes of the earth and with human nature. He usually belongs to a fraternity. . . made up of men who live in the world but in secluded places. They are outposts (Mystery Schbols) in different parts of the globe. . . When the time comes the companion leads the ongoer to an opening in the earth. It may be in a forest, in a mountain or under a building where no opening is seen. . . The companion bids his friend farewell and a new guide appears.

"The ongoer and his guide leave the surface and enter the earth. . . The guide is neither man nor woman. He belongs to another race of beings, speaks the language of the ongoer and has an understanding far beyond that of a human being. . . They come to a new world, existing on many levels. At first the ongoer is limited by one dimension, on-ness, which is a barrier to perception as on the outer crust, where one cannot see within surfaces. Slowly he develops the power to perceive a second dimension, in-ness, to see within and between surfaces.

"The new world is like spaces in a sponge; but some of the chambers passages and labyrinths are vast in size, hundreds of miles long and high. . . The ongoer sees great mountains, vast plains, cauldrons of fluids churning and lashing where earth current coming in meet outgoing earth forces. . . He sees quiet surfaces of water and other fluids in lakes hundreds of miles in length. . . There is no visible central source of light. . . no night and no day. . . no shadows. . . In some chambers are fierce winds, in others a calm. . . ordinarily the temperature is agreeable to the body. . . He travels on foot or at times in vehicles made of metal or compositions drawn from the air. . . There are edible flowers, fruits, grains; some are cultivated, some grow wild. . . On the levels nearest to the outer crust are ferocious beasts. They live where there are degenerate tribes and fierce races. . .

HUMANS IN THE EARTH

"... The people in the earth crust are human beings, but who are not akin to any human races now on the crust. Some have never left the interior. . . . Nearest the crust the races are wild and degenerate; they eat raw flesh and drink strong intoxicants. But farther in the people are peaceable and cultured. Nearly all the races are white. Some of them are acquainted with the earth and have power over its forces. . . .

"In some places the ongoer sees the shades of persons whose life on the earth crust has ended. . . . dreaming over scenes of the life that has passed. . . . In other places he sees portions of the doers (humans) working out the decrees pronounced in their Halls of Judgement. . . . He could not see this if he were not on the Way and had not left the world. . . . In a special place he sees 'lost' portions of doers because of their selfishness and enmity to the human race. . . . some are like great spiders with wicked eyes, some like vampires or crabs with human faces and devilish eyes, some like snakes with legs and wings. Each of them lives separately among the brush or hanging from the rocky roofs or hiding among the stones on the ground. The spiders can leap fifty feet, bats sail noiselessly, wolf-like forms with horns and bristly heads prowl about, cruel cat-like things with long snaky bodies spring, all to kill. But for some killing is not the sole object; they want blood or the pleasure of torturing. Many attack each other. But none of them get any satisfaction. There is an aching emptiness in them at all times, which causes them to search for something, and that they cannot find.

"He sees doers lost through an unwise religious devotion. . . . to a personal God or to nature. . . . seeking the favor of their deities from selfish motives. . . . for material gifts or for absorption. . . . After death they lost their identity temporarily because nature gods have no identity except such as they get from the thoughts of the doer portions of human bodies; and they were not absorbed because doer portions can never again become part of nature. So after death they went into a form in one of the four elements. . . . The ongoer sees them in stones, in water, in winds and in fire. They are conscious and dissatisfied, like maniacs trying to find out who they are. Sometimes he hears cries coming from a rock or tree or water: 'Who?', or 'Where?', or 'Lost, Lost.'

TEMPTATION

"Some of the people he meets from time to time warn him against his guide; some invite him to leave his guide and to stay with them, offering him the peace, plenty and power they enjoy. . . . some threaten him. The guide often absents himself, but if present offers no objection or inducement. Should any ongoer yield to the allurements he will not see the guide again, and he fails to reach the end of the Way.

"During these wanderings the guide explains the structure of the inner earth, its forces and history, the phenomena and their causes and reactions. . . . He explains that the ongoer must balance his thoughts and that the end of The Way is in the balancing. At length the ongoer is left alone. Darkness settles upon him, reaches into him and fills him. He would like to escape but does not. He seems to be dead but he is conscious. His senses are not active. Gradually beings appear,

human and non-human. He denounces them but cannot drive them away. They look into him and reach into him and he knows they are a part of him. He sees their purpose. They want to continue to live by getting their life from him. Then he knows they are his thoughts. He balances them one by one as they come. . . He withdraws from them the power to become physical. He pronounces judgement upon them in relation to himself. This judgement dissipates them. A calm comes to him. His guide reappears and greets him. . . The path was hitherto within the earth crust. . . while the ongoer went along the form path his body changed in structure and in nature. It now has little or no weight and does not require solid food. It has lines so perfect and proportionate that in nobility and grace it excels any body on the crust. . . "

So there you have a brief glimpse of the interior of the earth and some of its purposes through the eyes of one man who claims to have seen it. For me it is an explanation or description which will have to stand until I can find one better. There is only one way to prove or disprove the accuracy of Percival's statements, and that is to find out for yourself. As far as I know this can only be done by studying the materials offered by the Mystery Schools, submitting to their disciplines, and developing or cultivating the serenity and power of concentration necessary for the successful passing of the trials indicated above. If you are not willing or ready to do this the interior of the earth will forever remain a mystery to you, and it should -- for your own sake!

AN EARTH GOD SPEAKS

I think you'll agree that this talk has been full of rather unusual material, much of it shocking and even depressing. So with the help of the rest of Sibelius' "Swan of Tuonela" for background music, I'd like to end the talk with an illuminating message, a plea for understanding from one of the earth Gods. This being is not a Dero, certainly, but one who supervises birth, growth, maturity and death in the Vegetable Kingdom, the 2nd Kingdom on this planet, the other three being Mineral, Animal and Man. I found this message in an interesting little book by the English Mystic, H.K.Challoner, "Watchers of the Seven Spheres". Apparently Challoner received this while attempting to contact some of the beings under the earth's crust.

"A strange vibratinn pulses through my being;
I am aware of one working upon my rays
Who, through power and through devotion
Unites himself with the creative impulse
Which makes me what I am.
Now I direct my sight upon him;
I see the brightcolors of his ringing Note,
Hear the pure rose and gold sounding within his heart,
Sweet strains of music which unite him
Unto us, whose focus is the growth and death
Of all things in the Second Kingdom.
We approach him, I andmy servants,
Nature sprites and gnomes,
Bright flower fairies and dancing undines
That haunt the brooks,

All elementals that do work in earth, in water, sun or air.
Unto such men as this, our friend and co-worker,
One with me and mine, Nature unveils her face.
At his vibrations, strong, harmonious with her will,
Life stirs with eagerness in flower and plant,
To him we reveal our secret lore,
Love is a link between us,
For love is the primal impulse through the whole creation:
Desire for growth and union
With That which is greater than the separate self,
The mighty Being of which we and they
And all that dwell on earth are cells of life:
The Planetary Logos,
Greater man and greater god than ever man can know.

That which seems death to you, O man,
To us is perfect rhythm, a harmony of millions of voices. . .

But the one discord is the voice of man
Who, in his ignorance, still strives to work apart.
Ah, if man but knew his power! If he but understood
How he alone preventeth the upward surge of evolution?
Yet already in the dim recesses of man's perturbed mind,
Like a small seed within which the life force striveth
Through its dark prison of earth toward the light,
The spirit urgeth him to seek release,
Driving him relentlessly ever toward the quest for Truth.
Yea, I perceive even now his Note vibrating into my centers,
With a cry for union, for an expression of life
Which only we can give.
Let it but grow stronger until I and mine
Are enabled to respond in joyous rapture.
Then unto his dazzled sight will be revealed
The hidden beauties of the Second Kingdom.
Man shall perceive us at our work in valley, wood and stream.
Great shapes will fill his sky; he will commune with every flower,
Aye, with each stone; he shall hear the music of the stars;
The sweeping winds, the glittering waters will reveal their souls
and speak with him;
To him will come the birds -- all wild things, savage and shy alike.
Will seek him out and walks beside him unafraid.
Then will man be taught to blend his energies with ours
and work with us;
Then will he realize all Kingdoms are his own
When he hath learnt to sound their Note aright,
Give forth the Words of Power;
Love -- Service -- Unity of Purpose
With that which we serve.

* * *

THE JOURNAL OF BORDERLAND RESEARCH

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The Journal is published six issues a year with the assistance of the Associates, at the Director's home, 1103 Bobolink Drive, Vista. It is printed, 36 pages an issue. The Foundation was incorporated under California law, May 21, 1951, #254263, and has been in continuous existence since then. Address all correspondence to the PO Box. The Journal is included in the Foundation membership of \$7.00 a year. Single copies and back issues of the Journal are now \$1.50 each. If you don't care to join you may receive the Journal by donating \$7.00 a year or more to the Foundation. The Director's wife, Ms. Judith Crabb, is office manager and Secretary-Treasurer.

PURPOSES OF BSRF: This is a non-profit organization of people who take an active interest in unusual happenings along the borderland between the visible and invisible worlds. In the words of the late Meade Layne, founder and director of BSRA from 1946 to 1959: "BSRA publications are scientific in approach but employ few technical expressions. They deal with significant phenomena which orthodox science cannot or will not investigate. For example: The Fortean falls of objects from the sky. Teleportation, Radiesthesia, PK Effects, Underground Races, Mysterious Disappearances, Occult and Psychic Phenomena, Photography of the Invisible, Nature of the Ethers and the problem of the Aeroforms (Flying Saucers). In the year 1946 BSRA obtained an interpretation of the phenomena which since has come to be known as the Etheric or 4-D interpretation, and which has not been radically altered since that time. This continues to be the only explanation which makes good science, sound metaphysics and common sense."

The chief present concern of the Foundation is to make this kind of unusual information available as a public service at reasonable cost. Headquarters acts as a receiving, coordinating and distributing center. An important part of the Director's work is to give recognition, understanding and encouragement to people who are having unusual experiences of the borderland type and/or are conducting research in any of the above fields. For consultation on borderland problems, or for Spiritual healing through prayer, write or phone 714-724-2043 for help or for an appointment. Donations and bequests toward Foundation research programs and expenses are welcome.

The 24-page list of BSRF publications is available from Headquarters for 50¢ in coin or stamps. This includes mimeo brochures on borderland subjects, tape recordings of Mr. Crabb's lectures and of members of the Inner Circle, talking through trance-medium Mark Probert. Write to BSRF, PO Box 548, Vista, California 92083 USA.